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SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

Some ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

Mr STERNE.

By EUGENIUS.

VOLUME IV.

LONDON:

Printed for P. MILLER and J. WHITE, Bookſellers in the *Strand*, M DCC LXXIV.

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THE NARRATION.

"WHEN my mistress found the Count had defrauded her of the ruffles, she flew into a violent passion upon all exotic noblemen, except the English, whom she allowed to be generous, honest, and just. "Well, said she, you shall to-morrow "morning wait upon Lord Spindle; he pays like a "prince." A flood of tears prevented my answer for the present; but when I recovered myself, I told her I saw my doom; that I had already been ravished.

"*J'en suis ravie*," said she.

"But for nothing," said I.

"*C'est dommage*."

"And

" And perhaps I ſhall never recover my charac-
" ter again, as long as I live."

At this ſhe fell into a violent laugh, and told me, a woman's character was always well eſtabliſhed in proportion to the number of conqueſts ſhe had made, and the number of gallants ſhe had duped; that for her part, ſhe had conſidered the whole male ſex as her prey, and their fortunes as her property; and that if ſome of them had ſlipt through her hands, ſhe had made ſufficient amends to herſelf by thoſe who had fallen into her power; that in theſe matters we were to take the good with the bad, as in all affairs of commerce: and though the Count had broke in my debt, ſhe did not doubt but Lord Spindle would make me ample amends for my loſs, as the circumſtance of the Rope was quite in my favour.

" *Eſt-il poſſible qu'on puiſſe être ravie ſi avanta-*
" *geuſement?*"

" *Quin ſans doute, il y a des coups à faire dans*
" *toutes occaſions.*"

CANTHARIDES.

" THIS was a doctrine I could not comprehend. It was a new-fangled logic, that ſeemed repugnant to common ſenſe.

" I ſee, continued ſhe, you do not underſtand
" me; but if you will ſtep into my dreſſing-room,
" while I put on a little *rouge*, I will explain the
" myſtery.

" You

" You muſt know," ſaid ſhe, as we were going up ſtairs, " that Lord Spindle has for ſome time " taken Cantharides; and that they have now loſt " all their effect. Now, ſaid ſhe, if you had not " been previouſly raviſhed—" opening the door of

THE DRESSING-ROOM.

" I SAY, if this rape had not taken place, " what would have been the conſequence? " ——Probably you would ſtill have been in a ve- " ſtal ſtate.—I only ſay *probably*, becauſe I would " not deſire to pry into any young woman's ſe- " crets; and then, conſidering that Lord Spindle " is entirely emaciated, he could not poſſibly have " taken ſo much pains as a virgin's coyneſs would " have required; no, nor—" [here ſhe was inter- rupted by the entrance of the maid, to whom this part of her dreſs was an impenetrable ſecret]— " but as it has ſo luckily happened, your fortune " will in all likelihood be made, if he does not die " before he has——" [another interruption] " made you a handſome ſettlement."

" An *intail*, ſaid I, you certainly meant."

" Doubtleſs."

" *Voilà des coups certainement.*"

" *Oui*, ſaid ſhe, *certainement.*"

DOWN

DOWN AGAIN.

THESE ſecrets being thus communicated in private, and the *rouge*, with a little *blanc* (but that is a greater ſecret than all the reſt, which I ſhould not have divulged), duly adminiſtered, we returned into the parlour.

The ups and downs of life, ſhe told me, as we deſcended, were ſo numerous in our profeſſion, that a woman of ſenſe ſhould always pay the greateſt attention to them; but that ſhe was in hopes, if I ſucceeded with Lord Spindle, my fortune would be made with very few of them.

THE BON MOT.

A Frenchwoman, let her be of what rank ſhe may, never omits any opportunity of ſaying a *double entendre*; and as the occaſion was ſo very favourable, it was not in the leaſt ſurpriſing, that this lady ſhould thus diſplay her genius.

A *Bon Mot* is literally a *good word*; with us it is a *good thing*; and, to ſay the truth, a good word and a good thing, often, with the French ladies, concentre in the ſame point. This is no quaint conceit.——I have known a *Figurante*, at the *Opera Comique*, make four conqueſts with only *mon****—Here ſhe loſt a ſtar, it is true, by the language; but

but four ſtars were the object, as they were every one chevaliers of the Holy Ghoſt.

I could expatiate a whole volume away on the ſhame attending knights of ſuch an order being the knights-errant of a figure-dancer, as arrant a ***** as ever wore a petticoat.

But I ſcorn to be invidious againſt Knights—even of the Poſt—or the Ladies, let their profeſſion be what it will.

" The Ladies are greatly obliged to you, Mr " Yorick; but what have you done with Lord " Spindle!"—

" Oh! here he comes *in propria perſona.*"

LORD SPINDLE.

WHO knew not Lord Spindle? But if the reader ſhould be ſo ignorant, I will give a ſhort, very ſhort hiſtory of him.

His Lordſhip was deſcended from an ancient family in the North of England, who poſſeſſed a very ample fortune. His uncle dying without heirs whilſt he was a minor, he ſucceeded to the title and eſtate, upon attaining the age of twenty-one. He had been previouſly his own maſter three years, having no one to controul him but a Tutor, who accompanied him in his travels in the tour of Europe; but who, inſtead of curbing any vicious or irregular inclinations in his pupil, conſtantly promoted them, as he had thereby an opportunity of

indulging his own natural turn for debauchery; and moreover found his account in the encouragement of theſe irregularities, not only by ſharing the profits of all the extravagant charges of the tradeſpeople he employed, but by actually dividing the ſpoils with his Lordſhip's miſtreſſes.

Such a culture could not fail of producing all the fruits of licentiouſneſs and debauchery. When his Lordſhip came of age, he found he had already run upwards of an hundred thouſand pounds in debt; and the firſt ſtep he was obliged to take, was to mortgage his eſtate for the like ſum.

His Tutor, who by this time was transformed into his bottle-companion, and nominal as well as real pander, adviſed him to marry, and thereby repair the injury he had done to his fortune. An opportunity ſoon offered: A city heireſs was to be diſpoſed of, and bartered for a title and a noble connection. A dryſalter's daughter, with two hundred thouſand pounds, had charms ſufficient for Lord Spindle. The treaty was made, the match ſettled, and the conſummation took place in leſs than three months.

His Lordſhip had ſoon after reaſon to find, that all the injury he had done by his debaucheries was not confined to his fortune, but that his conſtitution had more than proportionably been impaired. In a word, his phyſicians adviſed him to take a journey to Montpellier, as the only means left of recovery.

Dare we pretend to inquire how it fared with Lady Spindle? She returned home to her father, two hundred thouſand pounds worſe in pocket, and almoſt as many millions in conſtitution. A divorce

ſoon

ſoon after took place,——and his Lordſhip recovered;——but not without ſome inciſions and amputations, which made him all his life curſe Italian concubines.

His *honeſt* tutor ſtill attended him, and conſoled him with all the rhetoric he was maſter of. He had adopted the ſyſtem of predeſtination, though he had never taught it before, finding it the beſt ſuited to his preſent doctrine. He told his Lordſhip, that every man was born to have a certain number of p——s, as every woman was to have a certain number of children; and that, therefore, the ſooner they got them over the better.

Lord Spindle could not be accuſed of any great depth of underſtanding, or any great ſhrewdneſs in diſcovering the wrong or the right ſide of an argument.—A little ſophiſtry paſſed upon him for profound Logic; and when he heard it dogmatically pronounced from his tutor, he could not pretend to diſpute the juſtneſs of the premiſes; ſo that the following ſyllogiſm made his lordſhip reſume all his debaucheries, as far as he was able, in their greateſt latitude.

Major. Every man is born to catch a certain number of p——s:

Minor. Your Lordſhip has had more than any man of your years:

Ergo. You have the fewer to come in.

When a man ſins with reaſon on his ſide, how ſweet are the peccadilloes! His lordſhip hardly wanted ſo much ſophiſtry to urge him to the

charge; but he ſtood in need of many provocatives to enable him to be as wicked as he deſired.

Pedagogus (for ſo I ſhall call this pander tutor) had ſkimmed the ſurface of moſt ſciences; and having in his youth been almoſt as abandoned as his late pupil and preſent maſter, had dipped into phyſic, at leaſt that part of it which may be called *Venereal*. He had learned how to promote as well as cure all the diſeaſes which attend the votaries of the Cyprian goddeſs:—he had formerly, and perhaps did ſtill adminiſter the firſt to himſelf;—he now at leaſt adminiſtered them to his lordſhip.

THE COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN AND THE TURTLE.

THE Senſualiſt does not often conſider, how far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health; and an alderman who ſwallows three pounds of callipaſh and callipee, ſeldom attends to the fatal effects of ſix ounces of Cayene pepper, which are adminiſtered in the doſe. The noſtrum, it is true, once ſaved a Common-council-man from being a cuckold, and, therefore, is not without its virtues.

Mr Skate had been married ten years;—he was a man of the world—underſtood commerce——and upon 'Change was by every one ſtyled a *good man*. Mrs Skate here differed in opinion. She had brought him five thouſand pounds (which indeed he had improved to thirty thouſand), and ſhe judged herſelf intitled to ſome attention. Mr Skate,

Skate, being a money-getting man, frequently attended clubs, went to bed late, and roſe early.—"Leſs money, and more love," was her conſtant expreſſion. "Stay, my dear, till I make it a *plum*; "then I will retire, and ſhall have nothing to do "but love you."—"Ay but, ſhe would ſay, then "you will be too old; and what ſignify riches, or "any thing elſe, if one can't enjoy it?" This was good logic, almoſt as good as Pedagogus's, for a Common-council-man's wife.

Things were going on at this rate, and every vocation and avocation conſtantly attended to, and punctually fulfilled by Mr Skate—except one—— when Mrs Skate, after conſulting the doctor, reſpecting ſome doubts concerning adultery, had made an appointment with him for the next morning at ten, whilſt Mr Skate was at the Cuſtom-houſe, to convince the docter that he had convinced her. But luckily for Mr Skate's honour, and more luckily for Mr Skate's virtue, he aſſiſted that day at a turtle-feaſt at the king's Arm's.

THE CONSEQUENCE.

I HAVE ſet a part a chapter for this very great Conſequence, as it is of the utmoſt importance to the Common-council-men of every ward within the walls, not forgetting Portſoken and Candlewick, who has a wife troubled with ſcruples of conſcience, without being a Methodiſt. In that caſe, they are ſo ſpeedily removed there is not the leaſt danger.

" *Mr Skate aſſiſted at a turtle-feaſt at the King's* " *Arm's.*"

That is my text, and I doubt not but the diſcourſe will prove equally moral and practicable.

" It is well known, my worthy brethren, that turtle is very ſalacious food, and when heightened, improved, or ſtrengthened, which you pleaſe, by Cayenne pepper and ſtrong ſauces, may warm and invigorate the coldeſt conſtitution. When it is alſo conſidered, gentlemen of the common-council, how few of you are enemies to a glaſs (or two or three) of generous wine, and how much food of ſuch a heating nature promotes the circulation of the bottle, it is not at all aſtoniſhing that every convivical aſſiſtant ſhould go home cherry-merry, after having been a gueſt at ſuch a repaſt.

" This was preciſely the caſe with Mr Skate: —he had forgot that Bank ſtock had roſe one eight that day, and he had ſold out a thouſand the day before: he had forgot the private intelligence he had received from the waiter at Lloyd's, of which he was to make his advantage before it had got into the papers: he had even forgot the report of a ſhip being loſt—upon which he had underwrote fifteen hundred. The turtle, the Cayenne pepper, and the generous wine, operated ſo ſtrongly, that his heart was dilated, his ſpirits were exhilarated, and he thought of nothing but Mrs Skate.

" Mrs Skate, by two in the morning began to repent of having made an appointment with the doctor——" Would Mr Skate had realized this " *plum*, and I ſhould conſider adultery in as hei-" nous a light as ever!"

" Ten

" Ten o'clock came, and ſo did the doctor.—
" Lord, my dear you will overſleep yourſelf:—do
" you know what's o'clock? 'tis ten, I vow!"

" With theſe ſentiments ſhe fell aſleep—yet ſhe dreamt of the doctor;—ſhe could think of nothing but his white hand—how ſoft!—and the neatneſs of his ſhirt-plaiting."

" What care I?—Fill about, Mr Allſpice, this
" is excellent wine."

" Good heaven!—he is dreaming; he will cer-
" tainly forget himſelf."

" What did you wake me for?—I dreamt I was
" worth a plum, and was as happy as a prince."

" Mr Skate got up, but did not dreſs;—he
" turned again upon his ſide, and lay till noon."

" The doctor was affronted at the impoſition he thought was put upon him, and Mrs Skate always entreats Mr Skate not to miſs a turtle-feaſt."

THE TUTOR.

HAVING diſpatched the Common-council-man, it is time I ſhould attend to Pedagogus, or elſe, conſidering the diſpoſitions and purſuits of him and my Lord, they may chance to ſlip through our fingers to the Elyſian ſhades, before we have quite done with them.

I think

I think we left him adminiſtering provocatives to his lordſhip, and from thence I derived the concluſion, That the ſenſualiſt ſeldom conſiders how far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health.

It might be conjectured, that conſidering the eaſy luxurious life Pedagogus led, as the bottle companion of Lord Spindle, and as he was his ſole dependence; which might, indeed, have been mentioned before; it was ſomewhat aſtoniſhing he ſhould broach ſyſtems, eſpouſe doctrines, and adminiſter remedies, ſo very pernicious to his Lordſhip's tender fabric: To which I anſwer in *eleven* words,

"His Lordſhip had bequeathed him three thou-
"ſand pounds in his will."

I am the more particular in ſpecifying the number of words contained in this bequeſt, as the greateſt critics are very apt to overlook theſe niceties; and I have known even a Reviewer conclude, "*In a word,*" and add *a ſcore*. Every part of criticiſm is worthy of the Scholiaſt's attention.

MISS LABORDE's STORY CONCLUDED.

"THE very ſame Lord Spindle, I can aſſure
"you." "I thought I was right in my
"man;—pray proceed."

"I was

" I was introduced to his lordſhip by Mr Peda-
gogus, who took me by the hand, and looking
languiſhing at me, gave it a gentle ſqueeze, ſaying,
" I do not know whether his lordſhip will be able
" to ſee you to-day—If he does not want any of
" your merchandiſe, I will purchaſe any thing you
" have got."

" I ſaid, I was ſorry to hear his lordſhip was ill,
and if I could not ſee him, I would call another
time.

" No, my dear, ſaid he, you may ſee him—all
" that's left of him;—but as to any thing elſe, I
" think it would be as cruel as interring a fine
" blooming girl, like yourſelf with an Egyptian
" mummy, that had been dead half a dozen cen-
" turies, reſtored to view by the reſurrection of
" antiquarians."

" His lordſhip now rang for chocolate, which
he drank in bed; and being informed that I was
come to wait upon him, he ordered me in.——
Pulling back the curtain, I ſaw a moſt ghaſtly fi-
gure, which ſeemed a better qualified lover for
Queen Dido, than a Pariſian milliner. He, never-
theleſs, ſaid ſome civil things to me,—bought my
whole band-box,—and ſaid he would purchaſe my-
ſelf, if he were capable. Whereupon he took his
purſe out of his breeches-pocket, preſented me
with it, and then——————————————
——————————I ſhall only add, I was
as well qualified to keep in the veſtal fire after lea-
ving his Lordſhip, as I was upon entering his a-
partment.

" He deſired me to call three days after—when
he was dead. Pedagogus now made love in form,

took

took this apartment for me, and gave me a decent allowance, till within theſe ten days, when he was taken up on ſuſpicion of poiſoning Lord Spindle, and is now in the *Bicêtre*.

"After his proviſion ceaſed, I was obliged to have recourſe to other means, which I need not explain, and which have entitled me to a place upon the Commiſſary's liſt.

A REFLECTION.

THE reader, I doubt not, expected a very dull trite ſtory, from the moment he heard of Miſs Laborde's whimpering. I hope he has been greatly diſappointed; if not, he may take up the Pilgrim's Progreſs, or any pathetic novel that has been publiſhed within theſe ten years, and make himſelf ample amends for the time he has loſt in the peruſal of theſe pages.

N. B. If he be a Tutor, I preſcribe him an ounce of cantharides.

VENDREDI SAINT, OR GOOD-FRIDAY.

THOUGH no man holds the ceremonies of religion in higher veneration than myſelf, and though I could not for a *mitre* ridicule the myſteries even of Popery in a Romiſh country; ſtill there

are

are ſome things ſo obviouſly ridiculous in its pageantry and exerciſe, that one muſt be almoſt a ſtone, not to raiſe a riſible muſcle at many of their officials. I have no objection to bowing or kneeling whilſt the wafer paſſes in ſolemn proceſſion, and have myſelf ſoiled a pair of new breeches ſooner than (*faire ſcandale*) give ſcandal. I have no objection to the tinkling of the little bell, or their beating their breaſts at the elevation of the hoſt; and permit the inhabitants of Paris to pay *un petit écu* each, to kneel and kiſs a wooden croſs *le Vendredi Saint*; but I will not allow a profeſſed *fille de joye* to conſider it as inevitable damnation, beyond the power of all the orders of all the prieſts, the conclave of cardinals, and even the pope himſelf, to abſolve her for eating the wing of a chicken on that day, and yet not refuſe to exerciſe all the functions of her profeſſion for ſix livres.

I paid Mademoiſelle Laborde a viſit on Good Friday; and being ſomewhat fatigued upon returning from Verſailles, I deſired her to ſend to the *Traiteur*'s for a pullet and ſalled, as I could not reach my own apartments without ſome refreſhment.

FROGS NEWLY CLASSED.

"COMMENT, *Monſieur, mangez vous la viande*
"*le Vendredi Saint?*"

"What, Sir, do you eat meat on Good-Friday?"

"I ſhould have no objection to fiſh, for that
"matter, if there were any good; carp and tench

"I have

" I have been already ſurfeited with this Lent; and " as to your *morue*, it can be equalled by nothing " but the black broth of the ancients."

" *Mais il y a d'autres eſpeces de poiſſon; que pen-* " *ſez vous des anguilles et des grenouilles?*"

" But there are other kinds of fiſh; what think " you of eels and frogs?"

" Frogs! ha! ha! ha! Excuſe me for laughing. " ——This is the firſt time I ever heard them " claſſed under the head of fiſh."

" *Comment! la grenouille c'eſt bien du poiſſon, et* " *elle eſt permiſe.*"

" How!—Surely frogs are very good fiſh, and " they are allowed."

" They may be allowed; but in this caſe I " ſhould think the penance very rigid, if I were " compelled to eat them, though you were to call " them wild-fowl.——A frog-feaſt, to an Engliſh- " man, is a very ſevere faſt.

THE CASE OF RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES.

THE *Traiteur* was ſent for; but he informed me, he could not poſſibly ſerve the table with fleſh to-day, unleſs I had a certificate under a phyſician's hand that I was ill.

" Look in my face;—Is not my countenance a " ſufficient certificate?—Beſides, here is a recipe I " had yeſterday from a doctor of the Sorbonne."

The

The *Traiteur* did not understand Latin, but was convinced it was right, by being so very unintelligible.

The dinner was served; Mademoiselle however would not touch a bit. She expected a visit from her Confessor that afternoon, to prepare her for her Easter; and he would certainly deny her absolution, in case she should break her Lent upon so important a day.

"Pray, Miss, do you reveal every thing to your "confessor?"

"Every thing, Sir."

"And what would he say, if a good customer "were to drop in?—You would not refuse him?"

"*Non certainement*;—*c'est une autre affaire.*

"No, certainly;—that's another case."

Burgundy exhilarates the spirits, after a hearty meal succeeding exercise. These causes united, produced a very natural effect;—and as the point in case was *une autre affaire*—wherefore should I have more religious scruples than Mademoiselle?

The caſe then ſtood thus.

	Deg.		Deg.
Religion	6	The fleſh	7
Reaſon	$4\frac{1}{2}$	Appetite	16
Danger	3	Powers	$2\frac{3}{4}$
Conſcience	$\frac{1}{8}$	Object	33
Character	14	Opportunity	99
	$27\frac{1}{8}$		$177\frac{3}{4}$

$177\frac{3}{4}$
$27\frac{1}{8}$

Alas! alas! $150\frac{1}{8}$ What a balance!

How light are religion, reaſon, danger, conſcience, and even character, when oppoſed to the fleſh, appetite, powers, object, and opportunity!—

Pray, Miſs Laborde, draw the curtain; for I am quite aſhamed of the concluſion.

Gentle readers, male or female, or both united, how do your pulſes beat? Quick, quick, quick—for G—d's ſake, draw the curtain too!

THE BLUSH.

PRAY, courteous reader, did not you perceive me bluſh in the laſt chapter?—I reddened all over.——I queſtion whether the *Traiteur* would have

have taken my word, or even the Latin certificate, for my illneſs, under ſuch a ruddy complexion; and in this caſe all the cauſe would have been prevented: for had not the fowl contained the beſt of juices, and promoted the drinking of a bottle of excellent Burgundy,—neither *morue* nor *frogs*, tho' excellent fiſh, would have produced the dangerous effect——Oh! how I ſtill bluſh at the repetition! my very paper is as red as ſcarlet, and I can write no more upon the ſubject.

THE RECOVERY OF COMPLEXION.

HAVING taken a turn round the room, and perceived my native pallid hue return, I took my hat, and then my leave, as the critical minute of confeſſion approached; and Miſs Laborde had in my opinion an additional peccadillo to diſburden her conſcience from, though her abſtinence was unimpeachable.

THE CONFESSION.

CURIOSITY, what wilt thou not perform? My deſign was to have retired directly home, and dreſs;—but meeting with a luſty Friar upon the ſtairs, a thought occurred to me—"Surely this "man muſt be framed of different fleſh and blood "than other mortals, if, when Mademoiſelle re-"veals all her ſecrets to him, he can have the re-

" ſolution to withſtand ſuch an attack upon the " ſenſes."

I returned, and finding a very convenient aperture in the door, planted myſelf to obſerve the fervor of the penitent's devotion.

How many Ave Maria's!—how many prayers! how many ejaculations!

Oh! that I had been a friar, a luſty friar! What felicity within the pale of that holy church!

Heaven! What an accident!

I had always an averſion to wooden beds, from their cracking:——they have often diſturbed me from the ſoft ſlumbers of ſweet repoſe upon the road, where, in ſpite of the virtue preached on Sunday—But ſuch an accident ſurely never before happened!—No carpenters will work on *Good Friday* in Paris,—and the *gras Financier* was to be with Mademoiſelle at nine, an hour after confeſſion.

But it is time for me to retire, and leave her to her fate.——Notwithſtanding the accident—would I had been a friar, a luſty friar!

THE GUINGUETTE.

I Will frankly acknowledge, that though I never coveted or envied any man his poſſeſſions or enjoyments, either corporal or mental before, I could not get the *luſty friar* out of my head; and had not

not a friend called upon me to see the humours of the *Guinguette* on Easter-Sunday, I verily believe that I might have been mad enough to have changed my religion to have embraced that order.

Guinguettes are places about the environs of Paris, not unsimilar to White-conduit-house, Bagnigge-wells, and the like, in the purlieus of London; with this difference, that instead of tea, *petits soupers* are given, and a bottle of wine is drank till they are ready. The principal amusement consists of dancing. As these places are chiefly frequented by the *Bourgeoise* of Paris, they are resorted to by the greatest number on Sundays, as public dancing as well as plays and operas are allowed on that day. This being Easter-Sunday, they were not only very crowded, but much more brilliant than usual, on account of the variety of new clothes constantly exhibited on this day.

LES TAPAGEURS.

THESE are a species of animals, who, from a principle of false honour, and still more ridiculous vanity, fancy they are authorized to disturb the repose and merriment of the citizens of Paris. They generally consist of Musquetaires and Pages. Being trained from their infancy to the sword, by the time they attain manhood, they are generally proficients in fencing; and upon this superiority in arms, they build their title to insolence and impertinence.

A *Guinguette*, especially on Sunday, is the certain mart of their abilities: here they display their

falſe wit and falſe courage, and frequently paſs them off for genuine; however, the counterfeits are ſometimes detected, and ſeverely puniſhed.

Having, with my friend, taken a ſeat in the moſt retired corner of the room, that we might be unobſerved ſpectators of what paſſed, a couple of *Tapageurs* preſently entered, and having taken a view of the company, they fixed upon a young Jeweller, who was with his *Sweetheart*, for the object of their preſent ridicule.

The young fellow was dreſſed very genteelly, with a ſword, and carried no marks of plebianiſm about him. But they knew he was a mechanic; and it is a rule with the *Tapageurs*, to chaſtiſe all ſuch, as they call them, when they find them either in dreſs or company out of their ſphere. The young woman was very handſome, and by the modeſty which was depicted in her countenance, was intitled to reſpect even from the moſt abandoned. But the *Tapageurs* conſider decency and decorum as vices which a Page or Mouſquetaire ſhould never be guilty of, and therefore carefully avoid committing them.

One of theſe heroes went up to the table where the Jeweller and his miſtreſs were ſitting drinking a glaſs of wine; and aſking him if his wine was good, without invitation helped himſelf to a glaſs: he then pronounced it excellent; and thus continued to ſerve firſt his companion, and afterwards himſelf, till the whole bottle was emptied.

The young Jeweller bore all theſe inſults with great good temper; and calling for another bottle, told them he was very proud of the honour of their company; and that if they could not afford to pay,

they

they were even very welcome to another or two at his expence.

" *Comment, Monſieur le Jouaillier, comptez-vous* " *que vous n'êtes pas connu?—Allez balayer vôtre* " *boutique, & laiſſez votre epée chez vous.*"

" What, Mr Jeweller, do you think you are " not known?—Go and ſweep your ſhop, and leave " your ſword at home."

" *Je le ferai bien,*" replied the Jeweller, " *apres* " *que je vous ai corrigé pour vôtre inſolence.*"

" That I will readily do, after I have corrected " you for your inſolence."

They now retired, whilſt the Jeweller's miſtreſs fainted away; however, by the help of ſome hartſhorn and water, ſhe recovered herſelf, juſt as her lover returned victorious.

The Mouſquetaire, vain-gloriouſly trifling with the Jeweller, whom he judged much inferior in ſkill, happening to ſtumble over a ſtone, was wounded through the body. A ſurgeon was immediately ſent for, who was very doubtful concerning the wound. He was, however, put to bed, and all poſſible care taken of him.

OF THE JUST DISTRIBUTION OF NATURE.

NATURE is so impartial in the distribution of her gifts to mankind, that she neither overburdens some individuals with her favours, nor overwhelms others with misfortunes; but by a judicious mixture of good and evil in every creature, none have too much reason to be elated, nor any to despair. For example; to These she gives great riches with an anxiety; to Those a great share of adversity with much insensibility. If the first with their wealth possessed the indifference of the needy, they would certainly be too happy; whilst the latter, if they united mental uneasiness with their ill fortune, would, doubtless, be highly deserving of pity.

If, then, we weigh the wealth of the one with the indifference of the other—the uneasiness of the former with the misfortunes of the latter—we shall find the balance to be nearly equal. The poor man, insensible of the evils of life, despises the miser, who whilst he amasses wealth, is miserable at the apprehensions of losing it.

Nor is this observation confined solely to wealth and poverty. Beauty and deformity have each their consolations. The handsome woman looks with contempt on the ill-shapen female, who, in turn, despises the beautiful ideot, formed only to be gazed upon. The swordsman considers courage and skill in arms as the greatest accomplishments of a gentleman, and fancies his rank intitles him to adulation

adulation from the merchant and mechanic; whilſt theſe, on the contrary, maintain induſtry and trade to be more important objects than the *etiquette* of courts, or the glory of a campaign. Thus in every ſtation of life there is a conſolation and ſolace to be found: and indeed no rank is contemptible in itſelf, whilſt the perſon who fills it acts in character.

THE APPLICATION.

HAD the muſqueteer conſidered this with attention, he certainly might have ſaved a life which was thrown away for——*nothing*! A life, that might have been of ſervice to his country, an honour to his family, and a bleſſing to his friends; but which was now a diſgrace to all.

May this *Tapageur* be hung up *in terrorem*, as a memento of the folly and vanity of a ſpecies of beings, who, it is to be hoped, will ſoon be exterminated from the earth. Such is the earneſt prayer of Yorick!

THE OCCASION.

THE misfortunes which befel the unfortunate Mademoiſelle Laborde, from her omiſſion of having aſked me for the letter to her miſtreſs, ſtruck me ſo forcibly upon my return from the *Guinguette*, that I reſolved to wait upon that lady the next day with it, and endeavour, by what little elo-

quence

quence I poſſeſſed, to induce her to take her *fille de chambre* once more under her protection.

Whilſt I was ruminating upon the moſt effectual plan of operations, I accidentally ſtrolled into the Tuilleries, and being ſomewhat fatigued, ſeated myſelf next a lady, who proving very communicative, we preſently fell into general converſation, and from general deſcended to particular: ſo that without any kind of ſeeming impropriety, I aſked her, if ſhe knew Madame Rambouillet.——"Madame Rambouillet! (ſhe repeated) *c'eſt moi même.*"

"Good heaven, ſaid I, what an accident! You "are the very lady I propoſed waiting upon to-"morrow morning, with a letter I have been ſo "neglectful as to keep theſe two months in my "pocket."

"*Vous êtes Mr Yorick, donc;——et comment "eſt-il arrivé que vous n'êtes pas venu me voir?*"

Saying this, ſhe roſe up, and ſeizing me by the arm, led me to her coach. I was now preparing to take leave, but ſhe ſaid with a very imperative tone——"*Il faut ſouper avec moi.*"

THE TUILLERIES.

I Suſpected Madame Rambouillet's ſudden and abrupt departure from the Gardens was occaſioned by a ſpectacle, or rather a pair of ſpectacles, which, in a leſs poliſhed ſphere of action, I would have

have been exploded, as erring againſt all the rules of decent optics.

On the left-hand walk from the Louvre is a range of ſhrubbery that runs paralled to the wall, at about ſix feet diſtance, and which in ſummer, when the leaves are fully expanded, forms a kind of retreat; behind which obſcenities of any ſpecies may be committed, unobſerved by the company in the Gardens; but in winter and ſpring, every thing performed behind this ſhrubbery is as much expoſed as if done in any other part of the Tuilleries.

Having aſcertained the topography of this retreat, I ſhall now point out its uſes.

There are two Goddeſſes, whoſe numerous votaries conſider it as the higheſt inſult to theſe Divinities to expoſe the devotions they pay to them; the moſt recluſe retreats, therefore, are conſtantly choſen for theſe oblations. But, by a ſtrange effect of French vivacity, the Pariſians forget the ſeaſons of the year; and this being the end of March, there was not a ſingle leaf yet diſcloſed to conceal the rites which two devotees of one Goddeſs were at this time performing.

THE MISTAKE.

ALTHOUGH I had ſuppoſed this exhibition had ſhocked the delicacy of Madame Rambouillet ſo much as to render any longer ſtay in the Gardens impracticable. I was afterwards thoroughly convinced that French *politeſſe* does not extend

attend to ſuch niceties. Her hurry was occaſioned by her impatience to aſk me a hundred queſtions, without giving me time to anſwer one, though fully ſatisfied with my replies. She accordingly took her leave of Madame de La Garde at the Great Gate, telling her ſhe ſhould drink chocolate with her to-morrow—and adding, " *J'ai quel-*
" *ques affaires avec ce Monſieur———Vous m'ex-*
" *cuſerez.*"

THE ATTEMPT.

WHEN I imagined Madame Rambouillet's curioſity had been pretty well gratified, I thought it was a favourable opportunity to plead for Mademoiſelle Laborde.

" Pray, Madam, had not you a chambermaid
" whom you ſent to my apartments for the letter
" which I have now delivered?—Does ſhe live
" with you ſtill?"

" *Ah, la coquine! Elle a fait bien des ſanx pas;*
" *non, Monſieur, elle eſt le pavé même.*

" Oh, the huſſy! ſhe has made many ſlips; and,
" Sir, ſhe even walks the ſtreets."

This does not look like a reconciliation; I muſt change my battery.

" Indeed, I am ſorry to hear it. I hope ſhe is
" not irreclaimable—How came you to part with
" her?

" Je

" *Je crains, Monſieur, que vous y aviez un peu*
" *part.*

" I fear, Sir, you had ſome ſhare in it."

" Then, Madam, pray let me plead for her.
" Reſtore her to your favour; forget her paſt er-
" rors; and I will be bound for her future good
" behaviour. I have heard her ſtory; and ſhe is
" to be pitied."

Finding I had made ſome impreſſion upon Madame Rambouillet in her favour, I told her ſtory to the beſt advantage. She was greatly ſurpriſed at the turpitude of her milliner; and in her paſſion, though a paragon of decency, could not refrain from uttering,

Ah, la villaine bou——greſſe!"

Now was my time: her paſſions were ſet on float; her pity began to move; and, if her compaſſion were once under ſail, I hoped I ſhould quickly bring her to anchor in the harbour of Forgiveneſs. The Port was in view, and a favourable gale ſprung up.

THE PENITENT.

IT is certainly true, there is more joy on earth, as well as in Heaven, at bringing back one ſtrayed ſheep, then keeping in order the reſt of the fold.

Madame Rambouillet agreed to reſtore Miſs La-

 borde

borde to her favour, on condition ſhe would unfold all the miſdeeds of her milliner, and depoſe them before a *Commiſſaire*, that ſhe might be dealt with according to law. This ſhe was eaſily prevailed upon to perform; and Madame la Roche's houſe was the next day beſet by the *Archers*.

THE BICETRE.

A Depoſition upon oath, of a woman's carrying on the profeſſion of a procureſs, is ſufficient to intitle her to a place in the *Bicêtre*. In conſequence therefore of Mademoiſelle Laborde's declaration, Madame La Roche, and three of her pupils, were conducted thither, where I ſhall leave them to their own reflexions, and the *Police*.

CUL DE SAC DE L'ORATOIRE.

I Beg leave, in this place, to correct a miſtake which ſlipt into the firſt volume of my Sentimental Journey (page 77), as it relates to a matter of chronology and geography; in which a Traveller, and particularly a Sentimental one, ought to be very correct. The paſſage is this:

" Madame de Rambouillet, after an acquain-
" tance of about ſix weeks with her, had done me
" the honour to take me in her coach about two
" leagues out of town. Of all women, Madame
" de Rambouillet is the moſt correct; and I never
" wiſh to ſee one of more virtues and purity of
" heart.

" heart. In our return back, Madame de Ram-
" bouillet desired me to pull the cord: I asked her
" if she wanted any thing? *Rien que pisser*, said
" Madame de Rambouillet."

The fact is certain, and therefore remains in its full force; but the time when, and the place where, require some amendment.

It was only one week after I first met her in the Tuilleries; and the circumstance happened in the *Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*.

This will also rectify the anachronism of my first acquaintance with Madame de Rambouillet; which should not have been placed till after my return from the South of France.

THE PET EN L'AIR.

THE *Pet en l'Air* is once more a fashionable dress among the English ladies, and therefore requires no difinition: its etymology will be set forth in this chapter.

Madame Pompadour riding thro' *le Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*, the first day she wore this dress, (which was invented by her, and had not yet been christened), in company with Mademoiselle La Tour, one of her waiting maids, or rather servile companions, by some accident gave vent to some confined air, according to Hudibras, the natural way. The ludicrousness of the accident occasioned her to burst into a loud laugh, and exclaim, " What shall be " the name of my new dress;" and from that

time a ſhort ſack and petticoat were called a *Pet en l'Air*.

A ſimilarity of circumſtances produces a ſimilarity of ſentiments. When Madame de Rambouillet alighted to *rien que piſſer*, ſhe was better than her word; and, upon reſuming her ſeat, with a laugh ſaid, "*Ce'ſt un pet pas en l'air, mais dans le Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire.*"

Such critical juſtneſs, in ſo light a conceit, muſt certainly ſet her judgment in the moſt favourable point of light; and tho' the thought might be originally Madame de Pompadour's, this lady's improvement upon it is at leaſt equal to the primitive ſentiment.

Three learned doctors of the Sorbonne, being informed of the event, pronounced this ſentence.

THE CONCATENATION.

I Dare ſay the reader was not a little diſappointed upon Mademoiſelle Laborde's reſuming her ſtory, to find that the concatenation was entirely deſtroyed, and that no mention was made of her lover the *Perruquier*, who had propoſed a connubial connection in the moſt honourable and ſerious way, and who was ſo well ſituated in buſineſs, and ſo agreeable a man, that he ſeemed every way qualified to render the marriage-ſtate completely happy.

To own the truth, I did perceive a kind of chaſm in this part of her Narration; but being unwilling to interrupt her, I let her proceed her own way.

"Pray

" Pray, Mademoiſelle," ſaid I, as we were ſitting together at Madame Rambouillet's during her abſence, " *a propos*," (though by-the-bye, it was no more *a propos* than any one thing the moſt foreign in the world, that might have been lugged in head and ſhoulders) " *a propos*, Miſs Laborde; you " never told me what became of your lover the " *Perruquier?*

" Good Heavens! no more I did: I quite forgot " him. I was ſo taken up with the Italian Mar" quis and Lord Spindle, he never once entered " my head.——Poor man! Heigh-ho!"

" What makes you ſigh, and call him *poor* man? " I thought he was in very good circumſtances."

" Yes, his circumſtances were very well, for the " matter of that; but he was very imprudent. " He was twice cited to appear before the com" pany of Barber-Surgeons, and mulcted for not " being licenſed; and yet he was ſo indiſcreet as " to ſet them at diſiance, and the third time was " committed to priſon, where I believe he ſtill re" mains."

" What, could not the dutcheſs his patroneſs " relieve him?"

" She did not chooſe to appear in ſuch an affair " publicly.—Beſides, I believe by this time ſhe had " pretty well forgot him and his ſervices. An I" riſh colonel had for ſome time ſupplied his place " ſo effectually, that there were ſome hopes of an " heir to that noble family, after her Grace had " been married eleven years without iſſue."

" And ſo the poor fellow is to rot in jail, be-
" cauſe the Iriſh colonel has ſo effectually ſerved
" this noble family! Forbid it, Juſtice, Forbid it,
" Mercy!

THE INTERCESSION.

THE next morning, having intelligence of the place of confinement of Le Sieur Tournelle, I wrote to the maſter of the company of Barber-Surgeons, propoſing to pay all the expences attending his impriſonment, and to find ſureties for his never treſpaſſing again. In this letter I mentioned the Count de B—'s name, to whom I alſo communicated the affair; and received a very polite anſwer, in which I was informed, Tournell's confinement was more owing to his obſtinacy, in not ſubmitting to the conceſſions preſcribed him, than to any incapacity of paying the fees, or taking up a licence.

I now waited upon Tournelle, whom I found in very good ſpirits, relying upon the dutcheſs's protection, upon her return from the country, where he had been informed ſhe had reſided for ſome time paſt. I had ſome difficulty at firſt to convince him of his errour in this reſpect: but when I mentioned to him the Iriſh colonel, who had been one of his cuſtomers, and the other circumſtances attending his connections with the dutches; and added that, to my certain knowledge, ſhe had not been a night abſent from Paris theſe two months, he lowered his tone, and very ſubmiſſively entreated my interceſſion.

I then

I then told him the terms upon which I would obtain his liberty, and reimburſe all the expences which this affair had occaſioned.

This was his marriage with Mademoiſelle Laborde. To this he readily conſented, ſaying, ſhe was the only woman he had ever really loved; and that I could not propoſe to him a more agreeable match; as he certainly ſhould have married her before this time, if he had not been prevented by his confinement.

DOUBTS.

CASUISTS and Theologians will, perhaps, oppoſe their doctrines to my conduct, and pronounce the part I took in Tournelle's behalf rather Jeſuitical.——I had my doubts.

Whether this man may not be happy united to a woman, who, though ſhe has been guilty of errors, is conſcious of them, and ſeems perfectly penitent?

Or,

Whether by informing him of the real ſtate of her conduct, I may not make him miſerable, and prevent an union which might make them both contented?

All her public errors had been committed, whilſt he was eſtranged from the world: and ignorance in this reſpect, was to him virtue on her behalf;—but then the powers of malice—

On

On eagel's wings immortal ſcandals fly,
Whilſt virtuous actions are but born and die.

THE RESOLUTION.

I Acquainted Madame de Rambouillet with all the ſteps I had taken, and conſulted with her which was the moſt eligible way of proceeding. She ſaid ſhe would ſend for him to dreſs her; and whilſt ſhe was under the operation, ſhe would introduce a converſation, wherein a ſimilar character to Mademoiſelle Laborde's ſhould be preſented to his opinion; and, if he thought ſuch a woman a proper candidate for matrimony, no intelligence he might afterwards receive from the ſlanderous world could affect his peace.

THE OPERATION.

HAir-dreſſing is now ſo prevalent all over Europe, and even America, (for many an *honeſt Perruquier* has made a voyage to that quarter of the globe), that it does not ſeem in the leaſt ridiculous for a man, much leſs a lady, to ſit a couple of hours to have their heads tortured with hot irons. Chriſtian charity upon this occaſion dictates a prayer, in behalf of the inhabitants of the pole—for burning is a horrid death.

Two hours are nothing. I am abſolutely too modeſt. A French lady would be aſhamed to retire from her toilet in three. This ſurely then was a ſufficient

a ſufficient period to diſcuſs the matters in point—Madame de Rambouillet's head and Mademoiſelle Laborde's——character.

THE CONVERSATION.

Madame de Rambouillet.

IS it poſſible, then, you could admire a woman after ſhe had been guilty of a *faux pas* with another man?

Tournelle. That, Madam, would depend entirely on circumſtances.

Madame. What circumſtances are thoſe?

Tour. Firſt, Whether ſhe had given him the preference by choice; whether ſhe was compelled; or whether Neceſſity had driven her to the deed.

Madame. So then, in either of theſe caſes, you could forgive a woman whom you had once loved?

Tour. Provided her future conduct ſtrongly teſtified that her ſentiments, were not contaminated; and that her paſt behaviour would ſerve her as a beacon, to avoid the ſhoals which ſo many females ſplit upon.

Madame. What, then, you could forgive her having had a variety of lovers, if you was ſatisfied that Neceſſity had compelled her, and that ſhe was perfectly reclaimed?

Tour.

Tour. The number, Madame, I think of no conſequence in this caſe: the ſentiment and preſent diſpoſition are the chief objects.

Madame. And could you think of marrying a woman under ſuch circumſtances?

Tour. If I had ever loved her well enough to have wedded her, I ſuppoſe I ſhould be blind enough to her paſt failings; and perhaps vain enough to think that her future huſband might reform her into an excellent wife.

Madame. I approve of your good ſenſe: and, if half the Pariſian huſbands had reaſoned with as much juſtice towards their wives, I believe there would not be half the number of cuckolds or cuckold-makers.——Bleſs me! you have burnt off a curl, a capital curl! What muſt be done?

Tour. Que Diable! This comes of marriage.—But I can ſoon rectify the deficiency of the *outſide* of a lady's head, be it ever ſo great.——I will run immediately for my laſt new invented *tête*; which, I am ſure, Madame, you will approve of.

Madame. "*Ah! Monſieur Tournelle, ill n'y a* "*pas moyen.*"

Tour. "*N'ayez pas peur—je retournerai dans* "*l'inſtant.*"

THE

THE MARRIAGE.

I Would not have the readar, let him be ever ſo ſuperſtitious, imagine that this accident was any way ominous; for I can aſſure him, that to this hour I do not know any one thing which hath occurred, that could in any reſpect be ſuppoſed portended by it. As to the marriage, it took place very ſhortly: I gave away Mademoiſelle Laborde, now Madame Tournelle: and there is not a better wife in all *Rue St Honoré* or even *Renommée*.

What can I ſay more?

She is pregnant. And, if I am at Paris at the time of the chriſtening, I am to ſtand godfather; if not, I ſhall be ſponſor by proxy.

N. B. Monſ. Tournelle ſtrenuouſly objected to the clerical claims of *couiſage* and *jambage*.—But he did not reſide in *la Rue Tireboudin*

MYSELF.

HAVING thus cleanly, honeſtly, morally, and *almoſt* virtuouſly, got Mademoiſelle Laborde off my hands, I have nobody now to mind but myſelf.

Perhaps the reader may imagine that I ſhould pay ſome attention to Madame de Rambouillet, the Count

Count de B——, the *Marchande de Gands d'amour* the Marquis de B****, Monſieur P——, the Farmer General, Madame de G——, Madame de V——, Monſieur D——, the Abbé M——, the Count de Faineant, and all the reſt of my Pariſian acquaintance. To this I ſay, *No.*

Myſelf—is what I have not for ſome months looked into——With this Being I muſt now converſe; leaving the frivolity of *petits-maitres* to be gratified with all their unſubſtantial enjoyments—their ideal pleaſures.

How ſtands the great account between me and reaſon? Some hath been paid, but much more ſtill is due.——A long, long reckoning.—Alas! when ſhall I ſtrike a balance?

Oh, my Eugenius! when we reflect upon the quick tranſition of Time, the ridiculous goals of ſo great a part of the courſe of life, its ſhort duration, the phantoms we purſue, the ſhadows that we graſp, I bluſh to take a view of myſelf, and would procraſtinate a ſcrutiny which harrows me at reflection.

VANITY, FOLLY,

How magnificent are your altars! How numerous your votaries! How great your ſacrifices!

THE VISIT.

WHEN I had got thus far in this moral ſelf-diſquiſition, I heard a carriage ſtop at the door,

door, and looking from the window, perceived the Count de B— inquiring for Monſieur Yorick, or Monſieur Sterne. He ſaw me at the window, and inſtantly alighted.

He came up ſtairs, with much ſeeming ſatisfaction in his countenance upon finding me at home; he ſaid he had had ſome difficulty in diſcovering my place of abode; that nobody knew Monſieur Yorick; and that, had he not luckily met with the celebrated Mr W—es upon the *Pont Neuf*, he ſhould never have thought of inquiring for Mr Sterne; but that Mr W—es explained to him the ænigma, and that he had ordered his bookſeller to bind him immediately, in elegant binding, the volumes of Triſtram Shandy, together with his Sermons.

Such a compliment naturally excited me to pay an oblique one to his philanthropy and great erudition, which, however, was ſoon melted down into politics. Mr W—es, his partizans and opponents, furniſhed us with matter of converſation for near an hour; in which the Count diſplayed great judgment, and a very extenſive knowledge of the conſtitution, laws, and cuſtoms of England; and appeared perfectly well acquainted with all the celebrated political characters of the age.

" But, after all, ſaid the Count, this is not the " ſubject of my viſit. Monſieur De L——, with " the aſſiſtance of the Abbé T——, has made " very free with the Marquis de M——, in a " pamphlet handed about. Now, continued he, I " have written an anſwer to it, in which I have the " vanity to think I have fairly retorted the argu- " ment, as well as the raillery upon him; and I

" wanted to conſult with you upon a proper device
" by way of frontiſpiece.

" My conceit is an elephant learning to dance
" upon the ſlack rope, being taught by a monkey."

THE OBJECTION.

" MONSIEUR Le Comte, ſaid I, ſince you do
" me the honour to conſult me upon the oc-
" caſion, I hope you will not be offended at my
" ſpeaking without reſerve."

" By no means, replied he."

" Why, Monſieur Le Comte, the thought is
" good; but, *pardonnez moi*, it is not new.

" Not new!—Where is it to be met with?"

AN ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

" LORD Grimſtone, when at ſchool, about the
" age of thirteen, wrote a comedy called
" *The Lawyer's Fortune*. This production was ſo
" far from poſſeſſing any dramatic merit, that it
" contained ſcarce any thing but palpable incon-
" ſiſtencies; however, when the very juvenile
" years of the author are conſidered, and that the
" publication of it was probably owing to the par-
" tiality of parents in the gratification of a child-

" iſh

" iſh vanity; and when it is alſo conſidered, that " at a mature time of life, the author himſelf, up- " on a review of it, becoming ſenſible of its imper- " fections, took every poſſible means to call in the " impreſſion, and, if poſſible, prevent ſo indifferent " a performance ſtanding forth in evidence againſt " even his childiſh talents; ſuch an error ſeemed, " to all impartial people, ſufficiently apologized " for: and indeed the ſeverer critics are leſs to be " blamed than a certain lady, who called it forth " from obſcurity. This was the late Sarah Dutcheſs " of Marlborough, who, in the courſe of an " oppoſition which ſhe thought proper to make " to this gentleman, in an election for members of " parliament where he ſtood a candidate, cauſed " a large impreſſion of this play to be printed at " her own expence, and to be diſtributed among the " electors; with a frontiſpiece, conveying a re- " flection on his lordſhip's underſtanding. The " device was, *an elephant dancing on a ſlack rope.* " This gentleman, nevertheleſs, carried his election, " in deſpite of this attempt to make him ridicu- lous in the eyes of his conſtituents.

THE MONKEY.

" FORT *bein, Monſieur, mais ou eſt le ſinge?*

" Very well, Sir, but where is the monkey?"

" Oh! I give up the monkey, *Monſieur le* " *Comte*, though there was ſomething very like " one in the back ground.

CONVICTION.

THERE is nothing more difficult than to convince a Frenchman of a miſtake, eſpecially when his wit or judgment ſeems to be called in queſtion; ſo that though the Comte de B—— was a very accompliſhed gentleman, ſtill he had ſo much of the Frenchman in him, that I ſaw him redden, as ſoon as I mentioned the old dutcheſs's allegorical frontiſpiece; and I could find he would willingly have purchaſed all the diſperſed copies of the *Lawyer's Fortune*, at a higher price than Lord Grimſtone, to have ſecured to himſelf the merit of novelty.

POLITESSE.

HOWEVER, the Count preſerved every poſſible external mark of politeſſe; and ſeemed pleaſed with a hint I gave him to improve his plate: he inſiſted on my eating ſoup with him the very next day, but added,—— "*Vous me ferrez "un plaiſir très ſinguilier, de ne mentionner à per- "ſonne l'idée que vous m'avez donnée à l'egard de "cette planche.*"

"You will, ſaid he, confer a ſingular pleaſure "on me, if you mention to no one the hint you "gave me concerning this plate."

I promiſed

I promiſed him I would not.

For this reaſon I ſuppreſſed it here; though perhaps I might thereby lay claim to ſome Hogarthian merit—and it might have ſerved as a very proper frontiſpiece to theſe four volumes of Sentimental Travels.

But Yorick's word is no jeſt.

CURIOSITY.

CURIOSITY has been the ſource of human miſery. What a price did Eve pay for it? What a price is every day paid for it by the human race? It may be divided into two claſſes: The firſt is, the deſire of being acquainted with paſt times, by the means of hiſtory, of diſcovering the ſecrets of nature, fathoming the depths of ſcience, and ſuch like laudable purſuits. This claſs of curioſity cannot be too ſtrenuouſly and conſtantly preſerved and excited; as by an acquaintance with the paſt, we learn how to behave upon occaſions that offer; for, as Cicero ſays, *neſcire quod antequàm natus eſſes actum eſt, id ſemper eſſe puerum.*

The ſecond claſs of curioſity, is an inquiſitiveneſs after the buſineſs and purſuits of other people; and it is this kind of curioſity which muſt always be condemned.

The ancient inhabitants of Crete enacted laws whereby they were forbidden, on pain of being publicly whipt, ever to inquire of a foreigner who he was, from whence he came, or what was his

buſineſs; and thoſe who anſwered ſuch queſtions, were deprived of the uſe of fire and water. The reaſon they aſſigned for enacting this law, was, that men by not interfering with the buſineſs of others, might the better attend to their own.

Good heaven! if ſuch a law were in force in Europe, and particularly in Paris, which is the centre of curioſity, how much more would the curioſity of the Pariſians be excited by the diſplaying of thoſe charms, which, indeed, the ladies do not take much pains to hide, but which they would be greatly mortified to have thus publicly expoſed and caſtigated! Not that they would be deſtitute of male-companions in theſe perambulations; for I believe the *petits-maitres* in this city are the greateſt goſſips on earth.

Theſe curious impertinents ſeem to have no ideas of their own, or which they have borrowed from books; all their knowledge may be ſaid to conſiſt in their neighbours actions; and whilſt they repeat what they have learnt, by way of cenſure, forget the ridiculous and infamous character they then appear in.

Plutarch and *Pliny* have both written encomiums upon *Marcus Pontius*, a Roman, who never had the curioſity to inquire about what paſſed at Rome, nor in the houſes of his neareſt neighbours. But this is a ſingular example, which will never be imitated whilſt politics and news of every ſpecies ſeem to engroſs the ſole attention of mankind.

THE

THE CRITICISM.

I AM aware that the Snarlers will immediately be let loose upon me.— "So, Mr Yorick, you "would ſuppreſs all curioſity, all thirſt of know-"ledge, except what may immediately come under "the head of ſcience.——Who the p—x then "would read your works!"

Anſwer——There would then be nothing elſe read, as they contain the eſſence of learning, the depth of ſcience, and the *ne plus ultra* of genius.

THE APPLICATION.

I SHALL now ſet forth my reaſons for having ſuch an objection to Pariſian curioſity in particular.

On the ſame floor with me dwelt a man, who had the appearance of an officer: he was at the gate when the count de B—— inquired for me by two different names. They were both foreign to his ear and his underſtanding, and this was ſufficient to excite his curioſity. He popped his head into every Coffeehouſe in Paris, to gain intelligence concerning me: what he there learned reſpecting me, he added to his former ænigmatical account, in order, as poiſons expel poiſons, to extract more venom out of my character.

In

In every Coffeehouſe in Paris is poſted a political Lion, or court-ſpy, who reports every thing that falls within his obſervation, which he thinks will pleaſe the miniſtry, or lead to any diſcoveries. My name being thus handed about, there were no leſs than thirty-two different accounts concerning me, the next morning, upon the Duke de C—'s bureau, all concluding that I was a dangerous perſon.

I that day paid a viſit to the Count de B——, with whom I alſo dined. During my abſence, my lodgings were ſearched, all my papers ſeized, and a *lettre de catchet* was waiting for me at my return.

PROVIDENCE.

DARK and intricate are the ways of Providence!—Short-ſighted mortals, it were not fitting you ſhould pry into futurity; or could ye, the knowledge of events hereafter, ſo far from accelerating your happineſs, would but increaſe your miſery.

With what ſpirits did I dreſs, to wait upon the Count! With what an air of chearfulneſs and ſatisfaction did I ſtep into the coach, and order the *Cocher* to drive to his Hôtel! Little did I think at that very moment the hand of the miniſter was ſubſcribing to my fate.

The Count de B— met me with the greateſt politeneſs; and told me as a ſecret, that the Duke de C——l had highly applauded my conceit. "He "is to dine here."—Scarce had he uttered theſe words, before the miniſter appeared. The Count introduced

introduced me to the Duke; but I perceived a reſerve and coyneſs in his addreſs, which I had never before obſerved in a Frenchman.

They retired for ſome time. The Count returned and aſked me ſeveral queſtions, which I anſwered with my uſual frankneſs. They were out of the common road; but I thought he was intitled to an explication.

In about a quarter of an hour the Duke returned with the Count; when there was a ſerenity and openneſs in the miniſter's countenance, to which it had been quite eſtranged before. The company increaſed, when the converſation was general, ſprightly, and agreeable.

MY RETURN.

NO ſooner had my coach ſtopt at the gate, than my hoſt came running out to tell me, if I was not inclined to lie in the *Baſtile*, to drive away as faſt as I could. Surpriſed at this intimation, I deſired him to get into the coach, and we drove round ſeveral ſtreets; when he informed me of all that had happened.

"Good G—d! is this poſſible!—when I dined "this very day with the Duke de C—l, and have "not left him half an hour!—Ah! the myſtery "is explained:—it is certain that an honeſt man "could not be guilty of ſuch diſſimulation;—and "I will lie to-night in my old lodgings."

"Poor

"*Pour l'amour de Dieu, ne retournez, pas.*"

"What have I to fear? I truſt in the juſtneſs "and the uprightneſs of my intentions."

Saying this, I returned to my hôtel, where, when I had alighted, I found all my papers ſent back, with this ſhort note from the Count:

"*Vous avez des ennemis; mais n'ayez pas peur:—* "*on voit que vous êtes un honnête homme.*

"You have enemies; but be not afraid:—it is "perceived that you are an honeſt man."

A FAREWELL TO PARIS.

HAD not this laſt proceeding given me much diſguſt to living under a government where neither a man's perſon or property are ſafe, let him be ever ſo innocent; and where, had it not been for a mere accident, I might have languiſhed out the remainder of my days in a loathſome dungeon; I ſay, Eugenius, had not this conſideration prevailed, the letter which I received from thee, wherein the cauſe of protracting your journey, your ſevere illneſs, was ſo ſtrongly depicted, would not have let me remain one day longer in the paradiſe of coquets, the elyſium of *petits-maitres*, and the centre of frivolity.

I packed up my little baggage, wrote a complimentary letter to the Count de B—, another to Madame de Rambouillet, and ſet out that very evening for Calais.

THE

THE POST-CHAISE.

I HAD no ſooner got into my Poſt-Chaiſe, than I began to conſider the advantages of my preſent journey, the plan I had propoſed, and how far I had compaſſed it.

"They order this matter better in France."

This aſſertion produced my voyage.——I was piqued to have it doubted, whether I was authoriſed to make it, and was reſolved to be convinced by ocular demonſtration.

The reader's curioſity hath, I dare ſay, though an Engliſhman, been upon the tenterhooks of impatience, all this while, to know what this matter was, and whether it really was ordered better in France.

It is time he ſhould be ſatisfied.

The ſubject in debate was the inconvenience of drinking healths whilſt at meal, and toaſts afterwards: and I careleſsly ſaid, upon what I thought good information, "They order this matter better "in France."

"HEALTHS ARE ABOLISHED, AND TOASTS "NEVER WERE ADOPTED."

So far I was right: ſo far I have compaſſed the deſign of my voyage.

But whether this was *tant mieux*, or *tant pis*, notwithſtanding my thorough knowledge at preſent in the preciſe meaning of theſe two expreſſions in the French dialect, I ſhall leave the reader to determine.

CHANTILLY.

BY the time I had run over theſe obſervations and reflections, we (that is the two horſes, firſt, the poſtilion and myſelf, for I had no other companions) had got to this delightful retreat of the Prince of Condé.

This *chateau* is conſidered by connoiſſeurs in architecture to be one of the moſt perfect ſtructures of the kind. The apartments are ſumptuous, and can be ſurpaſſed by nothing but the furniture. The gardens are finely laid out, and very happily diſpoſed. Upon the whole, this is one of the moſt elegant and convenient ſpots in all France, as well from its vicinity to the capital, as from its being ſo agreeably interſected with water.

We did not change horſes here; but my curioſity, from the accounts I had heard of this ſeat, induced me to ſtop and take a ſurvey of it, a circumſtance I lamented having omitted in my way to Paris: and the gratification I received, amply repaid the ſmall expence it occaſioned me.

AMIENS.

AMIENS.

NOTHING very material occured to me till we arrived at this city; "nor did any thing "very important happen then," the reader will probably pronounce.

I arrived here about one o'clock, and finding a keen appetite ſtrongly prompt to inquire after dinner, I aſked my hoſt what he could ſpeedily provide me.

"*Tout ce que vous voulez.*

"Every thing you pleaſe."

A very comprehenſive bill of fare.

"But what have you got in the houſe?"

"*Tout ce que vous voulez.*"

"Have you any partridges?"

"*Non.*"

"Any woodcocks?"

"*Non.*"

"Any ducks?"

"*Non.*"

" Any pullets?"

" *Non, Monſieur, qui ſont propres à manger.*"

" No, Sir, none that are fit for eating."

" Then you may as well not have them for a " man who is riding poſt."

" Any fiſh?"

" *Point de tout oujourd'hui.*"

" None to-day."

" What the p—x then does every thing conſiſt " of?"

" *Des coutelets de mouton à la Maintenon.*."

" Mutton chops with Maintenon ſauce."

" In the name of Famine, let's have them, good " Mr Boniface."

The conceit was loſt upon him, for two reaſons; firſt, he did not underſtand Engliſh; and ſecondly, if he had, without knowing the character in the play, he never could have conceived that his meagre carcaſs could convey the leaſt idea of ſuch a name.

THE

THE HUE AND CRY.

IT is a dangerous thing for a man, eſpecially an Engliſhman, to ſet his mind upon a good meal, when he travels in France. If he can put up with an omelette, ſoup-meagre, or a fricaſſee of frogs, which are in great plenty, he need entertain no apprehenſions of ſtarving: but if his ideas ſhould be engroſſed with a buttock or a ſirloin of beef, alas! alas! how great would be his diſappointment, from his firſt ſetting foot at Calais, till he was ready to reimbark at Marſeilles.

My diſappointment was ſtill greater; for though I had reduced all my pretenſions to eating, to a couple of mutton-chops, after having my imagination raiſed to whatever I could think of, ſtill theſe very chops were not to be found. A ſcrap of mutton, of about two pounds, on which my landlord had built all his foundation for good eating, was vaniſhed.

"*Que diable, ou eſt le mouton?*"

"What the d——l is become of the mutton?"

Et peſt f—tre—ou eſt le mouton?"
[Untranſlateable.]

Every corner of the kitchen, every creek of the pantry was ſearched,—but no mutton was to be found.

THE DISCOVERY.

AT length, when I was upon the point of resuming my chaise, and deferring the gratification of my appetite to the next post, *Monsieur l'Hôte* had found the house-dog in possession of all our provisions, in the dust hole: he had already gnawed one half; but as there remained a sufficient quantity for my *coutelets de Maintenon*, I did not object to its being dressed, that the poor animal might escape the punishment with which he was so severly threatened.

ABBEVILLE.

A HUNGRY traveller and a disappointed stomach never think the horses drive fast enough. *Depechez, depechez.*

"*Oui, Monseigneur.*"—Cric—crac—crac.

The postilions in France seem to have the exclusive privilege of cracking of whips; which they perform so very expertly, that it supplies all the use of a horn, blown by our post-boys upon their arrival at a post-house.

Crac—crac—crac—

And the horses were ready—But halt! I've not dined.

Thank

Thank heaven for meeting with an excellent duck, and a very good bottle of Burgundy! Now I can continue my journey as faſt as you will.

Suppoſe I were to take a nap?

"Depend upon it, Mr Yorick, the witlings "will pronounce you have been napping ever ſince "you left Paris."

Whey, then, it is but continuing, if they do not ſnarl too loud.

BOULOGNE SUR MER.

SURELY I have got into England without croſſing the ſea! How many of my countrymen! What charms can this place have ſo peculiarly ſupperior to all the other ſea-ports in France?

This queſtion I put to my hoſt, who was an Iriſhman—"Its vicinity to England."

Smugglers, bankrupts, and inſolvents!—The ſtreets ſwarm with them.

"Do they pay well!"

"At firſt."

"And can you afford to give them credit after-"wards?"

"No; but there are ſo many freſh recruits, who "are fleeced by their countrymen, as ſoon as they

" come over, that we can venture to truſt them in " a dearth of bankruptcies."

Heavens! the needy preying upon the miſerable! Or more likely——

The delinquent and felonious traveller,
Sucking the laſt drops of vital blood,
From the unfortunate and innocent traveller.

Cloſe the ſcene—Humanity cannot ſuſtain it.

The poſt-chaiſe this inſtant.

CALAIS.

ONCE MORE.

WELL, Monſieur *Deſſein*, you ſold me a bargain;—but I forgive you.

" *En honneur Monſieur, je refuſois deux Loius* " *de plus, le même jour.*

Modeſt! for an innkeeper.

" When does the packet ſail for England?"

" *Ce ſoir, Monſieur.*"

" Then take me a place and let me have a " couple of bottles of your beſt Burgundy."

Adieu! oh France!——but alas! alas! the remiſe calls freſh to mind every circumſtance that—

Heigh!

Heigh! ho!

I can't explain.

Love, Love, theſe are thy victories! theſe thy trophies!

THE SEA.

A DEAD, dead calm!

Mademoiſelle Latouche very ill—the ſea an excellent emetic.

"Pray, Mademoiſelle, do not ſtand upon cere-
"mony."

"*Non, Monſieur, c'eſt ce que je ne fais jamais,*
"*dans des cas pareils.*"

"So I perceive—but—but"——Well, I had a narrow eſcape. So I will pay her no more compliments till we get aſhore.

A freſh breeze brings us into harbour.

DOVER.

EVERY traveller who ever touched here, and afterwards thought proper to blot paper, has given ſuch deſcriptive ideas of this place, that I ſhall

ſhall refer my readers to them and Shakeſpeare, for a poetical deſcription of it.

" Sir, you may go in a poſt-chaiſe with another " gentleman, as cheap as the ſtage."

This my landlord informed me at the Kings Head—" Why then I have no kind of objection."

CANTERBURY.

" SIR, a ſhilling a mile, a very bad road—nobody " can afford to run a chaiſe for leſs, and we " get nothing by it then."

" Why this is a moſt arrant impoſition.—Mr " What's-his-name has deceived me—and if there " be any redreſs in law, I'll have it."

" So will I," ſaid my fellow-traveller.—He was a lawyer.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

WE had not travelled far from this celebrated city, before we were attacked by a highwayman. My fellow-traveller was diſpoſed to contend with him; and though he trembled every joint, whilſt he uſhered his *imaginary* courage to his aid, he continued talking of the poltroonery of two travellers ſubmitting to a ſingle highwayman.

In

In anſwer to this, I told him the contents of my purſe were but very trifling; and that if I could reach London, it would accompliſh the full deſign of my preſent finances; that I ſhould therefore take two guineas out of my purſe, not for the robber, but for myſelf. "A man, continued I, who riſks "his life, his future peace of mind, and perhaps, "the exiſtence of a wife and family upon ſuch a "buſineſs, though illegal, deſerves at leaſt the "compaſſion of thoſe who can ſpare a trifle.

"*'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe.*"

"You ſurpriſe me, Sir, to plead ſo ſtrongly in "favour of an highwayman.—An Old Bailie Coun-"ſel would be aſhamed to go ſuch lengths——"

"Without a fee," I replied.

By this time the highwayman had made his demand in form; and fear, enforced by the ſight of a piſtol, operated what pity or compaſſion would never have effected:——he gave up with a tremulous hand a purſe which ſeemed to contain a conſiderable ſum, when Charity might have preſerved the far greater part, by a merciful and benevolent allowance.

"You are no Sentimental Traveller, Sir, I ſee."

"No,—(in a faultering voice) I never was ſo "terrified in my life."

"More ſo, I imagine, than he who ventured "againſt ſo many chances, the Law, our Conten-"tion, our Poverty,——"

He ſighed.—

I pitied

I pitied and deſpiſed him, and we converſed no more till we reached the metropolis.

LONDON.

OH! my dear Eugenius, I fly to your arms!—let me embrace the deareſt of friends!

How happy I am to find you recovered!—Fortune hath repaid me too abundantly!

MAN.

WHAT a ſtrange machine is man, framed with ſuch nice mechaniſm by Nature's hand, that every element impedes his perfect motion! Now the vibration of the heart is too much propelled by heat—now cold ſhivers every fibre. Where's the juſt medium? Tell me, philoſopher, and I will own thy knowledge.

My ſpirits fail—my head ſwims.

To reſt——to reſt.

I cannot ſleep—a book may perhaps amuſe. Can it divert at this ſad hour?

I will indulge my melancholy.

After having read Hervey's Meditations, I fell into a ſlumber, and by degrees a dream ſo ſtrongly operated,

operated, that I thought I was no longer in a ſtate of nature, but a kind of auditor to a dialogue that took place between my Soul and Body; which, as it made a very ſtrong impreſſion on me, I can repeat pretty correctly.

A VISION.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MY SOUL AND MY BODY.

BODY.

NO!—never—never—will I ſubmit to the caprices of thee, Soul! What, yield to thee that ſovereignty which I have preſerved over thee for ſuch a ſucceſſion of years? After thou haſt ſo implicitly obeyed my laws, ſhall I ſubmit to thine, which forbid me the uſe of all that gives me pleaſure, and compel me to embrace what I hold in the utmoſt abhorrence? This ſhall never be; thou ſhalt never have the ſatisfaction to find, that at the end of my career I adopt thy viſions for rules of conduct. How!—acknowledge, tamely acknowledge my ſlave to be my maſter, and yield to thy laws, who from thine infancy gaveſt up all pretenſions to the enforcing of them? Ungrateful wretch! after thou haſt partaken with me of the ſweeteſt pleaſures, thou wouldſt at preſent teſtify thy acknowledgment, by depriving me of the enjoyments of

of life, in order to relieve thee from thy panics and terrors. Is this the gratitude thou oweſt me, to undertake the deſtruction of that dwelling, in which thou haſt been lodged ſo many years, and to acquit thy rent with tears, ſighs, ſolitude, mortification, contempt, and, in a word, chaſtiſe me in every ſenſible part? No—I will oppoſe thee with all my ſtrength, and I will purſue, as uſual, the gratification of my ſenſes, in deſpite of thee and all thy miſanthropy. But—ah! my Soul appears—and I muſt liſten, even againſt my will.

SOUL.

Thou wretched maſs! bag of earth! paſture of worms! itinerant ſink! horrid carcaſs! the abode of ſerpents and the retreat of toads! dareſt thou to oppoſe the laws which I dictate to thee, for the ſhort time which we ſhall now remain together, after having by a fatal complaiſance allowed thee, for ſuch a length of time, all that thy infamous deſires could crave! Art thou moſt ungrateful, or moſt criminal? Thou now refuſeſt me a few tears, after having afforded thee, for ſuch a ſeries of years, innumerable delights. But alas! vain and imaginary is all terreſtrial felicity! Canſt thou deny a few ſighs after ſo much joy; a uſeful ſolitude after ſuch a long and ſcandalous commerce with the world; ſome mortifications after myriads of ſuch vain delights; ſome little contempt after ſo much pride; in a word, a ſtate of repentance, ſo ſhort as will be our union, for ſo many years of idle or vicious gratification, and of which I muſt one day give an account to the Sovereign Judge?

Thou

Thou contemptible rebel! thou blind veſſel of clay and dirt! thou by thy diſobedience art as unworthy of my care, as I am of mercy, by my paſt inconſiderate partiality for thee. But mine eyes are now open: I perceive the abſolute power I ought to have had over thee, and I will now exerciſe it. Wherefore, no longer oppoſe my mandates; and henceforward expect nothing from me in this world but affliction. I command thee to ſubmit with patience, as thou canſt not from thy nature do it with pleaſure, to the keeneſt anguiſh of this life. By thy preſent tears, I will endeavour to purge away the foul ſtains of thy paſt actions—Thy preſent humility may obliterate the remembrance of thy former vanity.—Have not thy works tended to the corruption of the age? to the depravity of the morals of the riſing generation?—What recompence canſt thou offer?—Not thy religious diſcourſes: they are but a ſmall counterpoiſe, and read but by few.

AWAKE.

HERE a noiſe in the ſtreet awoke me, and I was glad to find this was only a viſion: it however operated ſo ſtrongly upon my mind, that, added to my preſent weakneſs, I was ſcarce able to ſupport the remembrance of it.

I ſaw, but too clearly ſaw the juſtneſs of the reaſoning of my Soul, even in ſleep. What a wretch am I!—How have I miſapplied thoſe talents that nature deſtined for ſuperior uſes!—Vile dauber of paper!

Oh my brain!—Eugenius! my brain!

The grim Tyrant now in earneſt ſeizes me ſo violently by the throat, that my friend Eugenius can ſcarce hear me cry acroſs the table!

THE CATASTROPHE.

HE's gone! for ever gone *!

Poor Yorick! he was a fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy! Where be your gibes now? ——Your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roar?—not one now—quite chap-fallen?

Alas! Alas! Alas! poor Yorick.

This with the ſpontaneous flood of friendſhip your Eugenius ſigns.

* Mr Sterne died in March 1768, ſoon after the publication of the two volumes of his Sentimental Journey.

ONE SHORT CHAPTER MORE.

THE pains which have been taken to ſuppreſs this work, are as illiberal as unjuſt; let it ſtand or fall by its own merit: but like all ſuch ſimilar attempts, they have recoiled upon thoſe who levelled the batteries;—and in proportion as they have endeavoured to leſſen it in the opinion of the Public, the generous and candid Public have ſeen through the artifice, and with ſtill greater applauſe have more warmly patronized the performance.

In this ſcale will all productions be ever weighed, and the voice of a Bookſeller or a pretended Critic will have no influence, when envy, jealouſy, or ſelf-intereſt, ſo conſpicuouſly appear under the ſlight veil of pretended Candour.

The END of the FOURTH VOLUME.